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In quest of feather'd game,  
When Cupid chancing to alight,  
To plume his wings and ease his flight,  
Invites the archer's aim.

He views the God with eager eyes,  
Already marks him as his prize,  
And bends his yielding bow;  
But vainly flies the shaft....for still  
The wary urchin mocks his skill,  
And 'scapes the threat'ned blow.

Again he tries, and yet again,  
But all his efforts are in vain,  
Unheeded falls each dart;  
At length he breaks his bow thro' rage,  
And quits the grove to seek the sage,  
From whom he learn'd the art.

"Vainly," he cries, "you've made me  
toil,

If such a bird as this can foil,  
My art so dearly bought;  
See where he sits on yonder tree,  
And claps his wings exultingly,  
And sets us both at naught."

The elder smil'd—"tho' now, my son,  
Yon bird appears your shafts to shun,  
Yet set your mind at rest;  
When a few fleeting years have pass'd,  
Too soon he'll come, unwish'd, unask'd,  
And nestle in your breast."

HELLAS.

#### SONNET BY MILTON, ON HIS OWN BLINDNESS.

ADDRESSED TO HIS FRIEND MR. CYRIAC  
SKINNER.

(NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.)

CYRIAC, this three-year's day, these  
eyes, though clear,  
To outward view of blemish or of spot,  
Bereft of sight their seeing have forgot,  
Nor to their idle orbs doth day appear,  
Or sun, or moon, or star throughout the  
year,  
Or man or woman; yet I argue not

Against heav'n's hand or will, nor 'bate  
one jot,  
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and  
steer,  
Right onward. What supports me dost  
thou ask?  
The conscience (friend) to have lost them  
overplied  
In liberty's defence, my noble task!  
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.  
This thought might lead me through this  
word's vain mask  
Content, though blind, had I no other  
guide.

#### SELECT POETRY.

##### ODE OF HAFIZ THE PERSIAN.

THE lute, in softly breathing strains,  
Warbled one night of lover's woe,  
(May he who sung of other's pains,  
Never those pains, that anguish know.)  
My bosom burn'd with fierce desire,  
Each object vanish'd from my view,  
Each limb confess'd the latent fire,  
And spoke the sad description true.  
Oh! sure that maid my fate has seal'd,  
Whose tresses boast the light of day,  
Whose dimpled cheek a ray reveal'd,  
To drive the deepest gloom away.  
Soon as my transports she beheld,  
She fill'd my thirsty goblet up;  
Fair maid, my torment you've dispell'd  
Such virtue claims the magic cup.  
May heav'n preserve your gentle heart,  
From every sorrow mortals know;  
What joys this world can here impart,  
And what the next, may each bestow.  
But Hafiz, when he drains the bowl,  
And paints his transports as they fly,  
Looks down on riches and controul,  
The gems of KAUS, the throne of KY.\*

\* Ky Kaus and Ky Khosroo, were ancient kings  
of Persia.

#### REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*A History of the early part of the Reign  
of James the Second, by the Right  
Hon. C. J. Fox, 4to. Miller, London.*  
....ex pede Herculem.

THERE is, we think, somewhat of  
the magnanimity characteristic  
of the man, displayed by Mr. Fox,  
an orator of acknowledged and as-  
sured eminence, commencing, at a

comparatively late period of life, au-  
thor and historian. A man more am-  
bitious of personal fame, and less de-  
voted to feelings of public duty,  
would, probably, have sat in his el-  
bow chair, cautiously calculating the  
literary profit and loss of the adven-  
ture. He would have pondered upon  
many examples, where an anxiously